

THE JASPER NEWS

ROLAND B. GRIFFITH, Editor.

JASPER, MISSOURI

The McSkinner—Twa shillin' to gang to Holborn! Nay, nay. But weel—I'll toss ye, double or quits. Sporting Cabbie—Well, I'm goin' that way any'ow, so 'ere goes. 'Eads! The McSkinner—Heads? Weel ye've won. So I'll jist hae to walk!—Punch

Uneasy Passenger (on ocean liner)—Does not the steamer tip frightfully? Steward—The steamer does, ma'am, but I don't notice as the passengers are following her example.—Boston Transcript.

"Have you," asked the Judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner; "my lawyer took my last farthing."—Tit-Bits.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A man is never sure he knows until he makes good.

An ounce of accomplishment is worth a ton of theories.

A silly woman tries to drive a man, a wise one leads him.

You can't always judge the show by the price of admission.

A woman will do a lot of cheeky things to improve her complexion.

Fortune is sometimes fickle, but misfortune is always sincere.

You'll do the right thing if you stop growling about an imaginary wrong.

Don't invest your money in a scheme because it figures out well on paper.

The only way to get the best of some people is to catch them at their worst.

When a jealous man marries a jealous woman there is something doing every minute.

Every mother knows that her own children are superior to any other children on the market.

Give people what you think they want instead of what they ask for, and you'll make a lot of enemies.

WILLIS WOOD

Kansas City.

Week of Nov. 30.

The announcement that Madam Nazimova has been booked for a special engagement of one week at the Willis Wood theatre, beginning next Monday evening, Nov. 30, will be welcomed by Kansas City playgoers. No figure on the American stage today possesses the interest that is centered in this brilliant and fascinating young Russian.

Her Willis Wood engagement will be devoted to five plays, all taken from her repertoire of recent successes. She will be seen in the Ibsen Suite—"A Doll's House," "The Master Builder," and in Roberto Bracco's brilliant comedy, "Comtesse Coquette." Three car loads of stage settings and effects will be used by the company during its Kansas City engagement. S. S. and Lee Shubert, who are directing her tour, have provided the same strong acting company which supported Madame Nazimova during her New York engagements, and in this organization will be Dodson Mitchell, Brandon Tynan, Cyril Young, Percy Lyndal, Misses Florence Fisher, Evelyn Welding and Alice Seymour, and Mrs. Jacques Martin.

Kansas City Directory.

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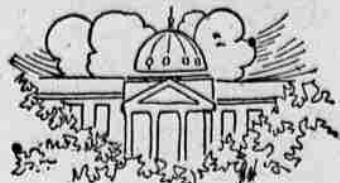
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JOHN HENRY



ON LAWMAKERS

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: I've been in this burg for a few hours mingling with the lawmakers, and it isn't such expensive mingling at that—only about 50 kopecks to the hour.

This afternoon I was introduced to a couple of hand-made politicians, and they certainly did hand me a scream.

These two language-killers have been political enemies for years, and every time they meet they simply stand around and throw worn-out words at each other.

One of them listens to the name of Mike, and the other will squeeze up to the bar and nominate his brew if you call him Rudolph.

As for their last names—well, in the interests of good government I won't mention them.

Suffice it to say that Mike bears the same relation to Albany politics that a mustard plaster does to a cold on the chest—even if he doesn't get there, he leaves his mark.

When Mike reached the age of discretion he decided to become a great man, so he opened a saloon and became a.

I was standing in front of the Ten Eyck talking with Mike when Rudolph, his lifelong opponent, bore down upon us.

Just to show me a good time, Mike immediately stopped Rudolph and asked him if business was good in his lemon factory.

"Ha! ha!" roared Rudolph, like an old war-horse answering the bugle-call; "I challenge you to a joint debate!"

"All right," said Mike; "let us go to my joint and have it."

They did so, and I followed on.

Never before in Albany were there



One of Them Listens to the Name of Mike.

so many quick questions and loose answers.

Epigrams flowed like water.

"Two beers—what will you have?" inquired Mike.

"Make mine the same," answered Rudolph.

"You are my opponent, I believe?" said Mike.

"Your belief gives me much pleasure," said Rudolph, with a tall, fat bow.

"How long have you been in politics?" asked Mike.

"Not so long in as to be out," answered Rudolph.

"Score one for Rudolph," said the referee.

"One what?" asked Mike.

"Make it a beer," answered Rudolph.

"Do you know Demosthenes?" asked Mike, winking at the bartender.

"Yes; his first name is Abe, and he works in a seegar-store near the N. Y. Central depot," said Rudolph.

Mike began to look worried.

"I wish to conduct this joint debate along literary lines," said Mike.

"All right," said Rudolph; "make mine the same!"

"Do you know Socrates?" asked Mike.

"Do you mean the guy that runs the butcher-shop over at Troy?" said Rudolph.

"No," said Mike; "the Socrates I mean is dead."

"Cut out the dead ones—they don't vote," said Rudolph.

"Score another for Rudolph," said the referee.

"Make mine the same," said Rudolph.

"What is politics?" inquired Mike.

"Politics is where we get it—sometimes in the neck and sometimes in the bank," answered Rudolph.

"You're full of wisdom, ain't you?" said Mike.

"Yes; but I'm willing to get it wet—another beer, please!" said Rudolph.

"Time!" said the referee; "take your corners!"

"Now," said Mike; "you ask me some questions."

"What is a politician?" asked Rudolph.

"A politician is the reason we have so much politics," answered Mike.

Much applause left the hands of those present.

"What is a statesman?" inquired Rudolph.

"A statesman is a politician in a glass case," answered Mike.

"Do you believe that all men are born equal?" said Rudolph.

"Sure I do," said Mike; "but some are lucky enough to get over it."

"The joint debate is finished!" exclaimed the referee.

"What is the result?" inquired Mike.

"About eight dollars in cash and 16 rounds of beer on the house," said the bartender.

This shows you what to expect in Albany, Bunch, where the streets are full of wisdom and the hot air from the legislature keeps the citizens warm and happy all the winter.

It is here, Bunch, that all the laws are made which govern New York city.

Realizing that fact, and, inspired by the local atmosphere, I have written a little booklet on that subject.

Go to it, Bunch, and think it over carefully:

"WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN."

(Or, Don't Step Off the Car Backward.)

"Bugosh!"

The speaker had a red fringe on his face from both ears downward to the chin, where it swayed gently to and fro in the breezes.

"What is it, Si?" inquired another voice, after its owner had indulged in a terrific encounter with a large fragment of Navy Plug.

"Guldern it, Seth; I was thinking about New York City, that's all!"

"Eeus!"

"Makes me devilish uneasy thinkin' about it; by Heck, it does, Seth!"

"Eeus!"

"Biggest guldern taown in this yer contynent, Seth!"

"Eeus!"

"More houses an' people an' street-cars an' sech than you could shake a good-sized stick at!"

"Eeus! but we don't have to go thar, do we, Si?"

"No, Seth; but havin' been elected to the Legislatur, I'll have to leave the farm of my childhood an' go to Albany an' make laws to guide and gov-

ern the citizens of that thar City of New York."

"Eeus!"

"I saw it in the Spoonburg Chronicle that New York City wants local option," said Seth, after a long pause.

"Eeus!"

"I s'pose that means a'uthin' different from haow it sounds; them things always do."

"Eeus!"

"Well, whatever it means, New York City ain't goin' to git it while I'm in the Legislatur. That is your opinion about it, Si; do you reckon it's some new-fangled kind of a trolley-car?"

Si was silent, but from the manner in which the hair on his head came down to meet his eyebrows one would surmise that his brain was being sent along under forced draught.

Presently, however, Si "bugoshed," and the silence fell apart.

"If it means what I think it does,"

"Cut Out the Dead Ones, They Don't Vote," Said Rudolph.

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